NEWS from Bishops-Gate-Street.

Being a True

RELATION

Of a most

Barbarous and Bloody

MURDER,

Committed by one

Jacob Turner, a Broad-Weaver; upon the Body of *Mary Turner* his Wife; in *Lamb-Alley*, in *Bishops-Gate-Street.*

With an Account of the Coroners Inquest, who sate upon the Deceased, on *Friday* the 18*th.* of this Instant *January*, 168⅘. Who brought in the said *Turner*, Guilty of Willful Murder.

MAny and Notorious are the Murders, that of late have been Committed by divers wicked Persons, and in sundry manners; But none more to be lamented, than this Horrid and Unnatural, as these of Husbands on their Wives, &c. deplorable Instance, of which (good Reader) *be pleased to be as followeth:*

In

In *Lamb-Alley*, in the Parish of St. *Botolph Bishops-gate*, at the House of one Mr. *Vowel*, a Victular, over against the Sign of the *Last*; Lodged for some considerable time, one *Jacob Turner*, and his Wife *Mary*. He was Born in the Parish of St. *Mary White-Chappel*, of honest Parents, being carefully brought up; and when capable, was by his Industrious Parents bound an Apprentice to a Weaver; but being very loose and dissolute youth; as soon as the Term of his Apprentiship was expir'd, he betook himself to these Extravagancies, which in this Age (alas) are to predominant, as well as Epidimical. Notwithstanding all this, he had the happiness to Marry with a Vertuous and Chast Maid, with whom he has lived these 22 years; and by whom God has blest him with a Pious and Dutiful Daughter, now almost 21 years of Age: However these Blessings were not esteem'd by him, as sent by an over-ruling Providence: But being instigated by the Devil, perpetrated this deplorable Murther on the Body of his Wife, in the manner following.

On *Wednesday* the Second of this Instant *January*, 168$\frac{8}{9}$. About three in the Afternoon, this said *Turner* being drinking at the Sign of the *Lamb*, in the aforesaid Alley, and wanting Money to discharge his Reckoning; he sent one to his Wife (who was then a Nurse to one Mrs. *Freeman* a Broad-weaver in the same Alley) but she not having wherewith all to comply with his demands, he immediately went to his Lodgings, at the aforesaid Victualing House; where sending for his Wife, she presently came to him, whom he led up Stairs; and after many Curses and Oaths, and other Abusive Languages, he fell a Beating of her; and she stooping down to save her Face, he took up a House Knife, that lay by him on the Table, and struck her with great violence into the Ribs, under the Right Shouldier, which immediately occasioned a great effusion of Blood.

After.

After which having some remorse, he feignedly caught her up in his Arms; telling her, he having done her business. would now do his own; but (poor Woman) she Innocently begged of him not to do any violence to himself; but immediately he in a great Passion, stomping and raving, his Landlord ran up Stairs with his Son, who coming into the Room, found him the said *Turner*, in the middle of the Room, in a very Impudent and Bravado Posture, with his Arms extended, and accosting his said Landlord; cries out, *I have done her Business* (meaning his said Wife.) The Landlord, replyed to him, *Turner, now you have done bravely; now you'll be hang'd*: upon which words, *Turner* took up another Knife, and made at Mr. *Vowel*, his Landlord, swearing he would do his Business too; but *Vowel* and his Son over-powring him, took the Knife from him, and quell'd him: Many Women of the Neighbourhood, coming in, got the Woman to Bed, and sent for one Mr. *Litchfield* the Elder, a Neighbouring Chyrurgion, and *Turner* himself run in his Mad fit, for Mr. *Litchfield's* Son affronting the Old Gentleman, and forcing him to give place to his Son; who having let her Blood, and applyed Sutable Medicaments to her, was asked by the Company, whether the Wound would prove Mortal, but would give no positive Answer, but said, he much feared her Recovery; notwithstanding, the Ignorant Neighbourhood, took no Care to secure him; and he as impudently went about his Business, without any Remorse or Concern, for what he had done, she, the said *Mary Turner*, lay Languishing from the Second day of this Instant, to this last *Wednesday*, being the Sixteenth; during which space of time, this Villanous Monster of a Man, behav'd himself very impudently, both to his Wife, and the Neighbours, that discoursed and reasoned with him, in endeavouring to lay before him the Heynousness of his horrid Crime; but he replyed, only

with

with Oaths, Curſes, and Blaſphamous Expreſſions: and inſtead of having the leaſt Remorſe of Conſcience, avowed ſeveral times, that if it were to do again, he would do it; and further, That he had more Perſons Buſineſs to do, beſides her, his ſaid Wife.

As ſoon as the Neighbour-hood, found his Wife was Expiring, they procur'd a Conſtable, and ſeiſed him, at a ſmall Ale-Houſe, at the Sign of the Feathers in the Artillery-Lane; who, perceiving the Conſtable coming, with his Long Staff, came out to him; very impudently, ſaying, *I am the Man, who, I ſuppoſe you ſeek after*; I am ready to go with you; who immediately, (he being taken in the *Tower* Liberty) carryed him, before the Right Honourable, the Lord *Lucas*, who committed him to Priſon, where, he continues, in order to his Tryal, that he may receive the Juſt Puniſhment, for ſo Barbarous, Bloody and Unnatural Murther; and laſt Night, being the Eighteenth Inſtant, the Coroners and Jury, ſate on the Deceaſed Body, and brought in *Jacob Turner* Guilty of Willful Murther. And thus Reader, I hope this may be a warning to deter others from committing the like Crime.

This may be Printed, 1689.

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